

Introvert

At 3AM

PART-I



Introvert At 3AM

A true story of me — not written for fame, but to finally speak the thoughts I never said out loud. Because when I started writing this book, I had no one to share them with — just me, my silence, and the 3AM version of myself that feels everything too deeply.

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This story isn't just about my life, it's a vessel for heavy feelings and unspoken emotions that I need to release. As an PG student, I've faced my share of struggles and traumatic moments that have left deep scars. Through this book, I am sharing not just my experiences, but the raw, heavy emotions that have shaped me. It's a heartfelt attempt to pour out the pain, hope, and silent battles I've endured, in the hope that others might find solace or understanding in my words.

I was born into a middle-class family and studied at an ICSE school during my early years. I went on to complete my +2 under the Our State board, which was a time of growth and learning. For now, I'd like to keep my graduation and postgraduate details private; I plan to share that part of my journey in Part 3 of this story.

As an introvert, in 10th grade, I found myself quietly nursing a crush that lasted nearly six years. I poured my silent hopes and endless thoughts into admiring her from afar, never finding the courage to confess. But everything changed in 9th class when I witnessed her accepting a proposal from a random classmate. Her reason was simple and piercing: "He proposed first, so I'll say yes to him first." Just like that, my first love story ended before it even had a chance to begin, leaving me with a bittersweet lesson in unspoken feelings and missed opportunities.

During my 10th grade, I came across a girl who instantly caught my attention – she was beautiful, innocent, and, coincidentally, one of my distant relatives. Slowly, a quiet crush began to grow inside me. I somehow managed to find ways to contact her, and with a little help from my sister, who acted as a secret bridge between us, I finally got the chance to talk to her.

Within just twenty days, our conversations became endless. We talked so much that it felt as if we already knew everything about each other. Curious to test her loyalty and the depth of her feelings, I pretended to be busy for a while – and to my surprise, she was the one who reached out first. Her messages were full of affection: “*I love you,*” “*I’m missing you,*” and many more words that melted my heart.

Everything felt perfect... until one day, she told me something that changed it all. She said, “*I have a problem – my family is planning my marriage.*” She explained. In our area, child marriage was still practiced – something I’ve always hated and stood against. Later, I realized she had used that as an excuse... a lie that I never expected from her.

That moment made me hate liars with every fiber of my being. I cried like never before, my heart shattering into pieces I didn't think I could ever mend. I tried desperately to fix things, pleaded, hoped... but she said it was too late, that nothing could be done. For months – three, maybe four – I begged, I cried, I clung to the hope that somehow, she would change her mind.

Then, after all that pain, she revealed the truth – or rather, her version of it. Angrily, almost arrogantly, she admitted that she had lied. She had loved someone else all along, and when that person came back into her life, she couldn't say no. That was the moment my heart truly broke. The pain felt like a physical blow, as if someone had stabbed my chest – a heartbreak so sharp, it left me gasping.

Even after being betrayed, I couldn't fully let go at once. I tried, foolishly, to contact her again, but the sting of being cheated kept me in check. I forced myself to step back.

A year later, she messaged me on my birthday. But this time, anger replaced hope. I replied firmly, telling her never to contact me again. And that was the last time we spoke. From that day onward, I never looked back, never reached out. That was how I lost my second love – and how I learned that some heartbreaks leave scars that never truly fade.

"Even after all the betrayal, a part of me held onto hope – that maybe one day she would return, that maybe we were meant for each other. But once someone cheats, trust is broken forever, and nothing is ever truly the same again."

Three years later, I saw her again. Fate brought her in front of me during a relative's death anniversary. Our eyes met for a brief moment, and I noticed her staring at me, but I completely ignored her, pretending I didn't know her. Maybe she thought I was being arrogant or filled with ego, but the truth was different – I am an introvert, and I never felt comfortable talking to her in person. So, I kept my distance and let the silence speak for me.

For me, I had never really talked to a girl before – she was the first, and even that was only over text. For introverted people like me, talking to girls can be incredibly challenging. There's the fear of speaking, the fear of rejection, and even the anxiety of just making a friend. Even some extroverted boys struggle with this.

On the other hand, many girls who receive attention regularly often feel special and confident, so they interact freely with every boy. Even introverted girls tend to talk to many boys at times. The contrast is striking. Understanding an introverted boy – his hesitation, his thoughts, his silences – is far more complex than most realize.

I'm sharing this about myself and my love story so you can understand who I am. Some readers might be extroverted, some might be like me – and perhaps they'll relate. You might even think this is a bit slow, but this is where my story truly begins.

I've experienced times when I even hate talking to people. Most of the time, I only speak to my parents when necessary; otherwise, I keep to myself. People often assume I'm full of ego or attitude, but the truth is different – I want to talk, but I just can't. I really needed someone who could help me build my confidence, someone to guide me out of this shell. This is what being a true introvert feels like.

On the other hand, I have always had a passion for singing. I often find myself singing late at night, around 3 a.m., when the world is asleep and only my thoughts keep me company. That's why this story is called " Introvert At 3AM ". I started creating cover videos, hoping that one day, I might become famous. But, like many newcomers, the beginning was full of rejections. At first, I got 3-4k views on my videos, but over time, the numbers dropped drastically – some barely reached 30-40 views, even though I had around 400 followers.

Yet, my love for singing never wavered. I continued making videos, and I still do – and I plan to keep going, no matter what. I've also decided to keep my identity a secret for now. I promise, at the very end of this story, I'll reveal my Instagram and YouTube IDs. Who knows – maybe one day, I'll be famous too.

But this is not the most interesting part. The real story, the part that will make your heart race, begins on the next page.

So, this is where my story truly begins – 4.5 years after that meaningless breakup, when I had just enrolled in my B.Sc. course. On my first days of college, I found myself observing everything around me. Having grown up hating extroverted girls who constantly talked to boys, I made it a point to ignore every outgoing girl I saw. Even the introverted ones, I kept at a distance – because, well, I am an introvert too, and introverts often just stick to themselves.

Then came the fresher's party, organized by our super seniors. It was the first time I really saw my classmates in a social setting, giving dares and participating on stage. I had never attended a fresher party like this before, let alone gone on stage myself. I watched as super senior boys openly complimented and flirted with the girls on stage – and to my shock, the girls responded just as openly.

I couldn't believe it. I had never even spoken to a girl properly, and here they were, engaging in conversations so freely. Coming from an ICSE background, where our school life felt like being in a jail – strict rules, limited freedom, hardly any casual conversation – this felt like a completely different world. These girls and boys from state board schools seemed so comfortable around each other. Sometimes, I found myself thinking, *“Kaash I had studied in a government school, maybe it would have been easier.”*

That experience only reinforced my introversion. I decided then and there that I would never like those extroverted girls. To me, they seemed too open to compliments, too likely to respond freely – and in my innocent mind, that meant they could easily manipulate or cheat me in the future. Being a “good boy” felt like a risk.

In that moment, I thought, “*Introvert Nature suit girls; extrovert Nature suit boys.*” After all, boys at least have a little fear or caution, while some girls seemed fearless. Of course, I now know that’s not true – not every extroverted girl is a cheater. But at the time, I was completely convinced that I would never like those outgoing girls.

Funny, right?

Guys, let me take a small pause here – you're not bored, right? I ask this because, at first, every girl in my class thought I was... well, boring. Quiet, introverted, barely talking to anyone. That was their impression of me.

But then they stumbled upon my Instagram handle. My singing – something I had poured my heart into – left them genuinely impressed. And just like that, everything changed. This was the moment the game shifted in my favor...

I know some of the things I'm saying might sound a little hurtful, but hey – I'm just sharing my mistakes and the random thoughts I never really wanted to think out loud. So, if anyone from my college is reading this... please, don't try to guess who I am! There's a lot more chaos, drama, and messages coming in the next pages. Just sit back, relax, and read it as my story.

There's always a certain complexity when an introverted boy and an extroverted girl share a connection. I faced countless struggles, awkward moments, and unexpected challenges – along with many interesting experiences I can't wait to share. This is where my story begins. Consider this just the introduction, the part I needed to tell you before diving into the real journey.

"Being an introvert doesn't mean being weak; it means feeling deeply, loving silently, and surviving the heartbreaks that the world can't always see. Sometimes the quietest hearts hold the loudest stories – and even in solitude at 3AM, life finds a way to sing again."

This story is written by someone who prefers to stay anonymous – a quiet soul who finds comfort in the night, in thoughts, and in music. If you've related to these pages, know that you're not alone. Part 2 will dive deeper into the story, and I promise, it's just getting started...

To Be Continued...

Thank You!

Thank you for taking the time to read my story.
I hope it gave you a glimpse into the world of
an introvert, the struggles, the heartbreaks,
and the little joys that come with it.